

Speechless Wooer Not Popular

By LAURA JEAN LIBBEY.

Oh, when he comes again,
In the old glad way,
I will smile and take his hand,
What were there to say?
I will drop my eyes and smile,
For my soul would be
Like the peace of summer noons
Beside the sea.

It would make the world laugh
were it to hear or read all that I do
about courtships—good, fair and
indifferent—from anxious women
who whisper their heart secrets to
me. I often wonder how it is that
some lovers are able to win the
objects of their hearts' desire,
they stumble through courtship
so clumsily.

I find that not one young woman
out of a hundred really admires the
bold wooer. Love-making, above ev-
erything else, should be done with the
greatest delicacy, adroitness and re-
verence. The young man who calls a
score or more of times without the
slightest kind of a hint to the girl who
is spending her evenings entertaining
him that he is interested in her—a
notch farther than friendship—should
not expect that the flame of hope
which he has probably lighted in her
breast is to burn continuously without
fuel.

There is another kind of man who
is a puzzle to the cleverest of women
—he who delights to have the dearest
of his choice all to himself after blurt-
ing out a few words in which he has
popped the question, but never after-
ward referring to the subject, content

to be in her presence, holding her
hands, but speaking never a word to
break the awkward silence.
The world would scarcely believe
that fully a third of all lovers carry
on their courtship in this manner.
Someone has somewhere said that
"lovers have no need of words," but
from all I learn from letters, or hear
about, the speechless courtship is not
popular with womankind. They want
to hear something about the wedding
day—when they may expect it to roll
around, what the plans are for the
future, where they are to live, if his
folks are reconciled to the thought of
losing a son, even though they thereby
gain a daughter, and so on.

She silent, speechless lover keeps
his sweetheart continually wondering
if he is still as much in love with her
as he thought he was or if he can be
regretting their betrothal and is tak-
ing this means of causing her to weary
of the bonds and suggest severing
them, ready to jump at the proposi-
tion, or if anything has transpired to
have changed his plans or prospects.
He is an enigma, a riddle she would
give much to solve. Sitting by the
hour in utter silence, holding hands,
will in time get upon the nerves of
the most phlegmatic of women.

Such lovers are the kind who do
not think it amiss to carry on this
manner of so-called courtship year
in and year out until the girl's rela-
tives or friends consider it high time
to cause him to speak out and tell
what he intends to do.

Spirited women are more apt than
not to weary of such a companion.
It becomes a hard proposition to them
to wonder if it would be best to stand
that sort of companionship for life or
whether or not some other man might
prove more congenial. Speechless
lovers mean well, no doubt, but they
should not be surprised if a more
agreeable man cuts them out.

HERE'S ONE OF REASONS WHY EVERS HATES UMPs

Captain of Braves Tells About Run-
In He Had With Official in Game
at St. Louis Several Years Ago.

Johnny Evers tells about a run-in
he had with Umpire Rigler at St.
Louis some years ago. "The fans in
St. Louis always rode me there," said
Evers, laughing. "They never seemed
to let up on me. They'd call me a
crab and all that. It was a bit an-
noying, but I paid no attention to
them."

"Finally, one series, we were play-
ing our last game with the Cards. It
came to the ninth inning and the
Cubs were ahead something like seven
to one. It was easy going for us, but
still those fans continued to ride me.



Johnny Evers.

"Two were out and none on base in
that ninth when I came to bat. O'Con-
nor was catching for St. Louis and
Rigler was behind him, umpiring.
"I turned toward those fans and, in
an undertone said: 'You big stiffs,
you.'"

"Like a flash Rigler was on me.
'Get out of the game,' he ordered. I
was amazed.

"O'Connor took off his mask. 'I
say, nobody heard that but you and
me, Rigler,' he said.

"Can't help it," said Rigler, 'he
can't get away with that stuff when
I'm around.'"

"Out I went to the clubhouse, al-
though two were out and we had the
game clinched a mile. As I strolled
away I heard those fans yell joyous-
ly: 'Aha. So you got it at last, eh?
Aha!'"

Although Evers closed his story
here, it was evident that this was
merely one of the many reasons why
he has little use for umpires.

INTERESTING ITEMS FROM THE CITIES

New York's Police Have a Money-Making Machine

NEW YORK.—New York's crime curiosity shop, which is located at police
headquarters, gets some queer tools of the underworld. Probably the most
curious thing now in the possession of the property department is a "money-
making machine," and despite the fact
that a child ought to detect it as a
fraud, it fooled many, and others like
it were sold before the fakers were
caught.

The machine, composed mostly of
tin, is about two feet high, one and a
half feet wide and a foot in depth. At
the top is a cover which can be re-
moved, and an inner compartment is
lined with black velvet. On each side
there is a small storage battery con-
nected with a toy dynamo in the bot-
tom of the machine, while other wires
connect with switches a small red elec-
tric light and an automobile gauge. The
dupe who is anxious to purchase a
machine to make money easily is shown
the contrivance and then asked which
he would like to see made, \$1, \$2 or \$5
bills? He makes his choice, and then,
while a confederate diverts his attention
for a minute, a new \$1 is placed in a
compartment in the cover and hidden by
a piece of tin covered with velvet to
match that in the machine, and held in
place by springs.

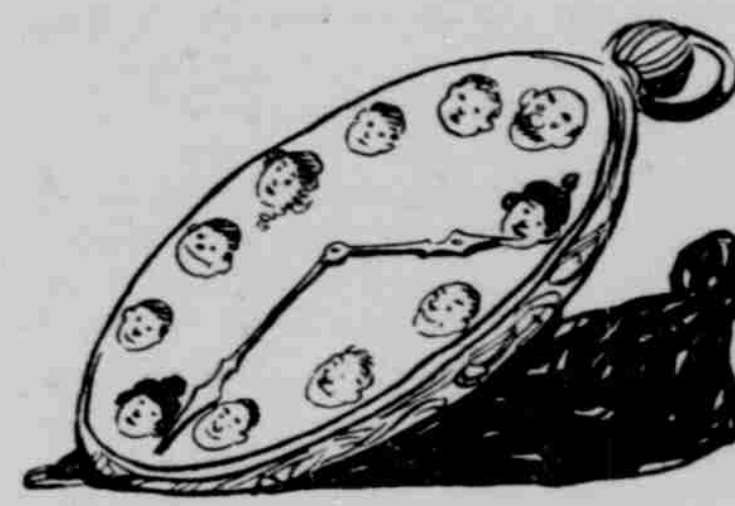
The operator, who has noted the number
of the bill, then informs the
victim that he has made \$1 bills up to
a certain number, that which he an-
nounces being one figure under that of
the concealed bill. Then he takes a
piece of paper of the exact size of a bill
and puts it in a developing tray, into
which he pours water that are supposed
to be chemicals. The liquids, no doubt,
are colored water, though the names on
the bottles never would appear in a labo-
ratory. When the paper has been thor-
oughly soaked it is wrapped in tissue
paper to deaden the sound which might
be made by the falling false bottom.
put in the machine, the cover put in place
and the machinery started. The hand
on the gauge moves, the machinery buzzes,
and after the various switches have been
used to heighten the effect the red light
is made to burn, showing
that the new money has been made. Then
the springs in the cover are touched,
and as it is lifted off the soaked paper
has disappeared and nothing but the
brand new \$1 bill with the proper num-
ber upon it is to be seen.

St. Joseph Man Tells the Time by Family Faces

ST. JOSEPH, MO.—The flight of the hours is marked on the dial of C. W.
Humberd's watch by the faces of his ten children and by his own face and the
face of his wife. Tiny photographs are set in the dial in place of the
Roman numerals. Every time Mr.
Humberd—who is a grading contrac-
tor of St. Joseph—looks at the time he
sees his whole family.

He is one o'clock and his wife is
two. The children are arranged in
the order of their birth, beginning at
three o'clock with Carl, who is thirty-
four, and continuing through Calvin,
Albert, Bertha, Glen, George, Eva,
Robert, Vernon and little twelve
o'clock Edith, who is three and the
youngest of the family. The watch
was made especially for Mr. Humberd
several years ago, and he is so used to
it that he can tell the exact time at a
glance. He arises at Albert o'clock in
the morning, has luncheon at half past
Edith and is usually home by Bertha.

If he refers to the watch a score of
times throughout the day he is re-
minded each time of his loved ones
and there is little chance that he will
forget his family in the rush of business.
The idea of putting the family in the
watch occurred to him as a sentimental
novelty, unlike anything he had ever
heard of. His work as a grading con-
tractor carries him out of town fre-
quently, but he reports he is not so
lonely as he used to be since he feels
that he can take a glimpse at his
youngsters any time he cares to without
attracting outside attention.



Watermelon Cabarets Are the Rage in Dallas

DALLAS, TEX.—Away with the inspiring cocktail! Watermelon cabaret's
the thing in Dallas! While the big green melons come rolling in by train
and farm wagon, the younger set and the older set, too, participate in nightly
revels and afternoon watermelon
danzas in the downtown district.
For the democracy of watermelon be-
lieved it said, that the "parlors" know
no lines of caste.

The craze began with a whoop
with the start of the watermelon sea-
son. One astute concessionaire from
an amusement conceived the idea of
selling watermelons at ten cents a
slice in surroundings similar to regu-
lar cafes.

He bought barrels of sawdust,
died it green and sprinkled it about his
floor to simulate grass. Then he in-
stalled a tinkly-um-tum piano with a
convenient slot for nickels, rolled in a
stock of melons and threw wide the doors.

Dallas took to the idea at once and
it has now spread to scores of cities
in the Southwest. Theatergoers, shop-
pers and the well-known tired busi-
ness man paused, with memory parading
before their eyes the vision of water-
melon days gone by, and stopped to pat-
ronize the place.

The store's success spurred other business
men to follow the pioneer watermelon
cabaret owner. Other similar resorts
sprang into being until the streets to-
day are conveniently dotted with them.

All the old-time left looks and right
jabs are fair in consuming watermelon
in public. The approved rules, how-
ever, forbid grappling with the fruit,
contestants being expected to preserve
a neutral territory between themselves
and the berry.

The watermelon cabaret will stay in
the Southwest so long as the melon
supply holds out. And the best of it
all is that physicians approve the dis-
sipation.

How a Gotham Bully Picked on the Wrong Man

NEW YORK.—Into a Broadway car there came a bedazzling specimen of
masculine fashionableness. From his
crisp straw hat to his perfectly
polished boots he typified the latest
edition of "What well-groomed men are
wearing." He carried a walking stick
that was expensive and beautiful to
behold. In fact, he was a cherubic
lovely looking man. Having run out
of adjectives—here goes for the punch
in the yarn.

A big beetle-browed man, puffing
from the exertion of chasing the car,
sat down beside the sartorial wonder.
He moved over just a trifle.

"What's the matter, sport, 'fraid
I'll sell you?" said the newcomer.

"No. Not at all," said the lovely
man quietly. Silence between them for
several blocks. But the roughneck
was doing something out of his usual
line—thinking.

Finally he turned about toward his
neighbor. "You dudes make me sick.
I suppose you've got a powder puff on
you somewhere."

Then it happened. The well-dressed
man laid down his newspaper, grasped
the offender by the scruff of the neck,
landed two blows between the eyes,
dragged him to the door of the car,
rang the bell for a quick stop and
kicked him off—just like that.

Then he returned to his newspaper.
A curious person followed him to
an office in Longacre square. He en-
tered a door on which was lettered in
gold: "Physical Culture Expert."



THE HIGH QUALITY SEWING MACHINE NEW HOME

NOT SOLD UNDER ANY OTHER NAME
Write for free booklet "Points to be considered before
purchasing a Sewing Machine." Learn the facts.
THE NEW HOME SEWING MACHINE CO., ORANGE, MASS.

AUTOMOBILE AGENTS—Write or wire to-
day for territory; Blackstone Six selling like
wildfire on easy payments. Immediate delivery.
Blackstone Motor Co., 22 Quincy St., Chicago, Ill.

PATENTS—Watson E. Coleman, Wash-
ington, D.C. Books free. High-
est references. Best results.

Unbiased View.
Hazel—Young DeSwift is considered
the lion of the season. Have you met
him?

Almee—Yes; and, judging from his
manner, he's more of a donkey than a
lion.

Millions of particular women now use
and recommend Red Cross Ball Blue. All
grocers. Adv.

Far Behind the Times.
Penelope—Marcella is years and
years behind the times.

Percival—What makes you think
that?

Penelope—Just now she wanted to
know if her hat was on straight.

Important to Mothers
Examine carefully every bottle of
CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for
infants and children, and see that it
bears the

Signature of *Dr. J. C. Fletcher*
In Use for Over 30 Years.
Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

Refuted.

"I've been told that every cent Dub-
waite makes goes on Mrs. Dubwaite's
back."

"That isn't so."

"I'm glad to hear it."

"Don't I see Dubwaite smoking
stogies every day that he buys him-
self?"

DON'T LOSE ANOTHER HAIR

Treat Your Scalp With Cuticura and
Prevent Hair Falling. Trial Free.

For dandruff, itching, burning scalp,
the cause of dry, thin and falling hair,
Cuticura Soap and Ointment are most
effective. Touch spots of dandruff and
itching with Cuticura Ointment. Then
shampoo with Cuticura Soap and hot
water. No treatment more successful.
Free sample each by mail with Book.
Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. L,
Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

Getting What He Deserves.

Nestling in a newspaper corner next
to the Panama-hat ads we find this
stray sunbeam of a heart throb:

"The first face the baby sees in this
world is full of kindness, and the last
to bend over him when he is old and
dying is full of pitying tenderness. It
is the faces he sits in between that
cause him all his troubles."

This is a dear sweet thought, but it
strikes us that the "in between" faces
are looking at him and very likely re-
flecting back to him just about what
they see. Quite often it is not either
kindness or tenderness, for, taking it
by and large, this is a fairly just world.
—Collier's.

A Gratification.

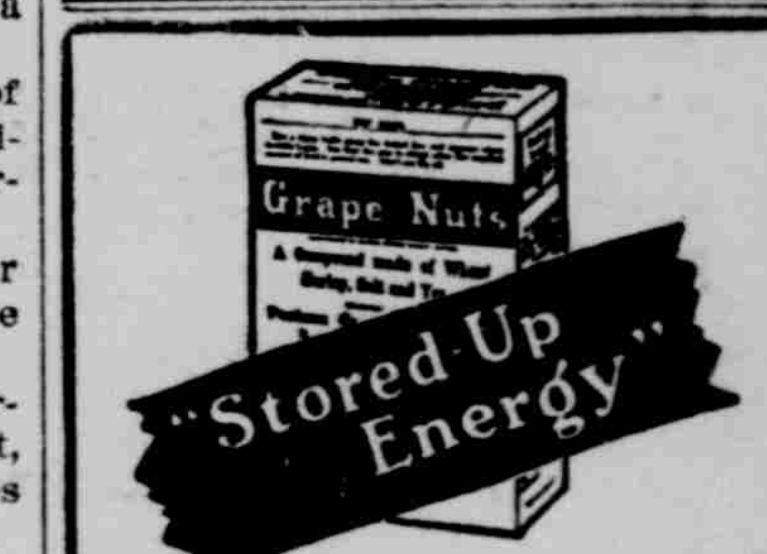
"You go to church more frequently
than you used to."

"Yes. And apart from the instruc-
tion I derive a great deal of satisfac-
tion from my attendance. It's a great
comfort to be where people sing and
play fine music without anybody's
spoiling it by putting in ragtime words
or wanting to dance."

Precocity.
"Mercy!" exclaimed Mrs. Diggs.
"The baby is chewing on your pocket
edition of Epictetus."

"Indeed," replied Professor Diggs
with a proud and happy look. "Let
the child alone. It is seldom that a
mere infant shows such a pronounced
taste for the classics."

Stored Up
Energy



Everybody needs it—
stored for emergency in a
well-developed, well-pre-
served, well-nourished
body and brain.

Grape-Nuts food stands
preeminent as a builder of
this kind of energy. It is
made of the entire nutri-
ment of whole wheat and
barley, two of the richest
sources of food strength.

Grape-Nuts also includes
the vital mineral elements of
the grain, so much emphasized
in these days of investigation
of real food values.

Crisp, ready to eat, easy to
digest, wonderfully nourishing
and delicious.

"There's a Reason"
for Grape-Nuts

Some Mysteries of Turkish Censorship Are Explained

In all letters from America the
Turkish censor seemed to take the
most personal interest, writes Arthur
Ruhl in Collier's. At the end of one
letter of mine from New York he
wrote in pencil: "Please note so long.
—Censor."

One day I had the pleasure of meet-
ing him, or at least that part of him
which handled English correspond-
ence—an Oxford Turk who could
speak English as well as anybody.

"Fancy," said he, "a woman takes a
donkey ride over in Anatolia some-
where, and writes her husband sixteen
pages about it. Well, now, no one
could read that!" So his young men
read the first page and the last, and
the rest they simply lifted out and—
into the waste basket!

This explained it—those curious let-
ters people had been getting with a
start and a finish and the rest all gone.
Imagine yourself, for instance, separat-
ed by five thousand miles and a con-
tinuous covered with war from those
you care about most and then getting
a letter: "I feel it my duty to
tell you the real truth. . . ."

then a gap and the conclusion: "If
you act at once, there may still be
time. Yours sincerely. . . ." It
wasn't that the censor objected to
the middle of the letter, but there
wasn't time to wade through all, and
he merely sent what he could read.

Things That Are New.

A Massachusetts inventor's automa-
tic fire alarm can be attached to the
electric lighting circuit in a build-
ing to utilize it to ring a bell.

To water trees on city streets a Ger-
man forester has invented a perforated
metal ring to be buried in the ground
above their roots, and opening extend-
ing above the ground to receive water.

A German patent has been granted
an American inventor of a talking ma-
chine connection for dairy machinery,
the noises of which, he claims, is so
monotonous it impairs the efficiency of
butter makers.

In a new desk calendar the dates are
carried on a reel in such a manner that
13 weeks are visible at a time and the
background causes the figures for
any week desired to appear more
prominent than the others.

A method for freezing fish, patent-
ed in Denmark, by immersing them in
a cold liquid, is claimed to preserve
them in more perfect condition than
air freezing as the fish is not dried nor
broken by ice crystals.

A Butterfly Negligee.

Among the simple, easily
washed, yet dressy negligees is
one of white dotted voile, made
with a huge butterfly-wing ef-
fect over the shoulders, forming
the sleeves. This is made of two
oblong pieces of the voile, one
laid over each shoulder, form-
ing a V at the throat and long
pointed ends back and front. A
long, slender bow marks the
joining of the pieces at the back,
and a similar bow with ends
fastens the negligee in front.
The deep points are finished
with dull blue silk tassels.
When the arms are lifted, the
butterfly effect is very pro-
nounced, and when the arms are
down the wings fall in softly
folded lines.

Smiling Away Appendicitis.

Specialists at Johns Hopkins uni-
versity have joined the "Keep on Smil-
ing" cult. "Worry, and you will get
a pain in the side," they say. Appendi-
citis is the medical term for one kind
of pain in the side. These thoughtful
and inquiring doctors, indeed, have
reached the conclusion that mental
depression is one of the most frequent
causes of appendicitis, since worry and
faulty mastication usually blend, and
boiling one's food leads directly to dis-
order in the appendix. So they recom-
mend smiling and similar light-
minded diversions.

The public in general welcomes such
admonitions. For the public does not
particularly enjoy going to a hospital
to permit a surgeon to explore and re-
adjust its interior appurtenances or
fixtures. Almost everyone would prefer
smiling away appendicitis to being
tinkered with and whittled by a busy
surgeon.

One suspects that there is a great
deal of good sense in the Johns Hop-
kins doctors' free and wholesome ad-
vice, which ought to be well digested
by everyone.

Mother's Cook Book.

"The mother who uses her in-
telligence to keep up with the
world, is the mother who will re-
tain her influence."

Rice in Various Forms.

Rice is such a wholesome food, es-
pecially good for children, that it
should be served oftener and in greater
variety.

Peas and Rice.

Boil a cupful of rice and a pint of
green peas separately or they may be
equally good as left overs. Chop two
onions fine and fry in butter until light
brown. Add the cooked peas and rice,
season with salt and pepper and serve
hot.

Boiled Rice Pudding.

Wash a handful of rice, add a cupful
of stoned raisins, cut in halves, add
a little salt, tie in a cloth, leaving room
for the rice to swell, and drop into
boiling water to cook two hours.
Serve with hard sauce.

Savory Rice.

Fry a tablespoonful of chopped
onion in two tablespoonfuls of butter
until it is light brown, add a cupful of
rice and cook until it is slightly col-
ored, then add a pint of chicken stock
and cook in a double boiler until the
rice is tender.

Rice With Fruit.

Rice is especially good with peaches,
pears, or in fact any not too acid fruit.
A small mold of plain cooked rice,
garnished with sliced fruit or ber-
ries with cream and sugar makes a
most satisfying dessert.

Meat and Rice Loaf.

Line a buttered baking dish with
rice, fill with seasoned chopped meat
and cover with rice, then cook by
steam or in the oven for 30 minutes,
unmold and serve with any desired
sauce, such as tomato or an onion sea-
soned brown sauce.

Rice a La Ristone.

Finely chop two thin slices of bac-
on, add to a half of a medium sized
cabbage, finely chopped, cover and cook
slowly 30 minutes. Add a fourth of a

cupful of cooked rice, one-half a tea- spoonful of chopped parsley and salt and red pepper to taste. Moisten with half a cupful of stock and cook 15 minutes.

Rice Jack.

Boll together a cupful of sugar, a
cupful of molasses, and two table-
spoonfuls of water. When nearly done
add a tablespoonful of butter and a
quarter of a teaspoonful of soda. When
a soft ball is formed as it is dropped
in cold water, pour it over three cup-
fuls of puffed rice, spread in a buttered
dripping pan to cool.

Nellie Maxwell Hosiery Hints.

Frequently when the feet seem
cramped, the blame is placed on the
defective shoe size; but it will be
found that in many instances the trou-
ble lies in the wearing of too small a
stocking.

The marking of sizes varies quite a
little on both stockings and shoes. A
safe rule to follow is to patronize one
shop when the latter has been found
reliable and the size called for is nei-
ther too large nor too small, but is com-
fortable in every particular.

It is a mistake to wear footwear
that is too large, although the criti-
cism is usually against the adoption
of small sizes. So much of the good
appearance and the comfort and happi-
ness of women depends on the nice care
of the feet, that too much attention
cannot be bestowed on the pedal ex-
tremities.

The Flag of Denmark.

The flag of Denmark is a plain red
banner bearing on it a white cross,
and is the oldest national flag now in
existence. For over 300 years Norway
and Sweden were united with Den-
mark under this flag. In the year 1219
King Waldemar of Denmark, when
leading his troops to battle against
the Livonians, saw—or thought he
saw—a bright light in the form of a
cross in the sky. He held this appear-
ance to be a promise of Divine aid,
and pressed forward to victory. From
this time he had the cross placed on
the flag of his country and called it
the Dannebrog—the "strength of Den-
mark."